

Old Stories Revised

One of the first Novels written in solid English as distinguished from the American Imitation with the Venner coating, was by Oliver Goldsmith, and it was about what happened to the Preacher.

This was a long time ago, before F. Marion Crawford began turning them out on his Lathe.

There were no Department Stores in those days, and the Bright Young Man who was troubled by Inspirations had to go some in order to establish himself as a Popular Writer.

The Author succeeded in giving away a good many Autograph Copies to sentimental Friends, who said they would prize the Volume ever so much more if they didn't have to go out and buy it. But when he collected Royalties he never had to borrow any Wheelbarrow in order to get the Stuff to the Bank. After he died and the Copyright expired and his Heirs could not claim a Take-Off, nearly everybody on Earth began reading the book, and they have been at it ever since.

As soon as a Copy gets so tear-stained that the Lines are blurred and the Pages all gummed together, the Owner goes and gets a fresh one for about 25 cents and starts in to churn up his Emotions some more.

All of which goes to prove that a Preacher who has been dead 150 years hasn't an enemy in the World.

At the time the Book was written, the Minister playing in a Minor League was known as a Vicar. Now he is known as a good many Things, especially if he dabbles in Politics.

The Vicar got many jolts. After organizing a large and hungry Family, he awoke one morning to learn that the Friend who had arranged to let him in on the Ground Floor of a Banner Proposition was about to file a Petition in Bankruptcy. Liabilities, \$12,000; Assets, two Suits of Clothes, a Canoe Ring and a Hot-Water Bag. It is a blessed provision of Nature that nearly every Man who loses his Wad has a fine bunch of Children that are quite beyond the reach of Greedy Creditors. We cannot learn from a Careful study of approved Fiction that any old Batch ever went broke. He is lonesome enough, goodness knows, and a very Melancholy Figure along about Christmas Time, but he always has a bundle of Money that you couldn't push through a Door.

After being trimmed, the Vicar and the Family, were kept close to the Carpet. The book devotes a good many Pages to telling how they were happy, even though they seldom had one Dollar or rub against another. In fact, the Story leads us to believe that those who have no Velvet are seldom led into Temptation.

We know, however, that the Vicar and his devoted Missus and the assorted flock of Young Folks did not miss a great deal by being hard up. They lived in the quiet old-fashioned Days.



On the lookout for Burly young Collegians

when a little Gooseberry Wine and Family Prayers made up a hot Combination with which to fill in a long Evening.

Suppose the Vicar had stood in with some Harriman of that period and had succeeded in getting one of those large, elegant, dropical Fortunes—the kind that every American Citizen is roasting and trying his blindest to get hold of.

Could he have got any Action for his Money? Not so you could have noticed it.

Why grieve over the Hard Luck Story of a Household that was on deck long before people had learned how to roll their Money?

Nowadays the Lady of the House who is on her Uppers picks up the bargain sheet of the Sunday paper and sees the Pictures of 1,000,000 things that she wants to buy and can't.

In 1750 the woman who was flat had nothing to worry her. The family across the street did not have any Electric Runabout or a Talking Machine in the Front Room which you could hear a Mile away when all the windows were open.

Nobody was expected to pile \$300 worth of American Beauty Roses in the centre of the Table every time a few Friends came in to break Bread.

The \$3-a-day Seaside Hotel, the Winter Trip to Florida with a carload of Trunks and the Private Golf Links were a few of the Modern Necessities that Father Time was holding up his Sleeve as a glad surprise for a later Generation.

The Vicar of Wakefield's name was Doctor Primrose, but he was not related to the celebrated Primrose, although both were in the same Line of Work. That is, they had to make good by showing off on a Platform. George got the Coin and Doctor Primrose arrived at the Final Chapter with a Clear Conscience and just about enough Fuel in the Cellar to last him to the 1st of the Month.

But he knew he had been on the Level, and so he must have been Happy, for John D. says that those who try to get it and fall down often derive a lot of Consolation from the Knowledge they have been Inspired.

The Moral of this is—don't let any one Spot you.

But take this world-renowned story of Doctor Primrose, up one side and down the other, and it is a Tame Affair compared with the adventures of a real busy Pastor of the New School.

There was a time when every Lad who was pale and had translucent Ears and preferred doing the Herring-Bone Stitch to getting out and playing Three-Old-Cat was supposed to be a likely candidate for the Pulpit.

Nowadays a Bishop of the Diocese is on the lookout for burly young Collegians who can stand off the World and the Devil with the Left while lifting a Church Debt with the Right.

Any young Theolog who moves into a Parsonage and undertakes the Contract of heying and subduing a high-gear and strong-minded Congregation certainly has his own Troubles spread out in front of him like a Hotel Dinner.

By George Ade

The Vicar of Wakefield



And brush by without any Back Talk

In the old days the Flock took any Shepherd that wandered into the Pasture and allowed him to feed them from the Spoon, and swallowed everything and had to like it.

Now the Main Performer has to do a few Trial Heats, while they hold the Clock on him before they Sign Him. Church Members have asserted their Rights as Employers and now belong to the Missouri Family. They sit back in their padded Parquet Chairs and try to look more like a Commercial Salesman than an Undertaker, so as to remove the impression that he is hidebound, it is dollars to doughnuts that some venerable old Dodo who manages a Vinegar Refinery will file Charges against him and that a grand cluster of petrified Elders will try him on the heinous charge of being Worldly.

Of course in every Municipal Campaign he must stand up and fight for Civic Righteousness and the Rights of the Taxpayers and Sunday Closing and every Movement that bears the Reform Tag, and then the Financial Heavyweight who is one of the Mainstays of the Church and hopes to get a few lovely Franchises out of the City Council, will fall on Mr. Preacher like a Horse on a Butterdy and try to have

him transferred to some other Field of Usefulness.

If he remains Single he cannot hold the gloved Hand of any young Sister for 1-100th of a Second without having the cold eye of Suspicion glued upon him.

If he marries and Wifey does not happen to be that matchless combination of Saint and Society Queen that every one thinks she ought to be, the Sewing Circle stops working on Pajamas for the Hindoos and becomes a grand little Anvil Chorus.

The Vicar of Wakefield should be overhauled if we are to get the true inside history of what happens to the Preacher.

After he has bumped the Bumps for many Years and crippled himself jumping sideways to avoid "Unfortunate Complications," and his Pipes are worn out, and he no longer floats down the Aisle on Sunday morning dressed up like a Horse and Buggy, but begins to be a little old and careless and slouchy, and keeps on handing out the same old Specialty, instead of writing in a lot of new Gags, with Light Effects and Popular Songs, he will be mighty lucky if the Congregation does not suddenly discover up in Northfield, Mass., or out

in Bloomington, Ill., some Child Wonder with a voice like a Bell and a whole lot of New Talk, and the good old Veteran will be expected to pack up the \$200 worth of Household Goods that he has saved out of his Salary in less than Twenty-eight Years, and brush by without any Back Talk.

On the other hand, if he makes a Ten Strike and is reported in the Newspapers, much to the horror of those who believe that a Sermon should consist very largely of an explanation of what is meant by those parts of the Old Testament that no one understands, and gets a Call to a metropolis where the Salary is so large that he will be up in the same Class with Insurance Agents and Veterinary Surgeons, you may rest assured that the Harpoonists will get after him good and plenty for being actuated by Mercenary Motives.

Oliver Goldsmith was a Nice Man, but what he didn't know about some of the new Deals that have been fixed up for the gentle Minister of the Gospel would make a Book four times as big as the stingy little Volume that he wrote.

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the cold eye of Suspicion



In order to retain the Meal Ticket

WONDERFUL NEW LIGHT.

Is Worth Millions and Will Work a Revolution.

(New York Herald.)

Toiling for years in their laboratory, with no hope of reward except scientific honors, Prof. Herschel C. Parker, of Columbia University, and Walter G. Clark, an electrical engineer, have unexpectedly found themselves on the threshold of enormous wealth. They have invented a new incandescent light which has created a sensation in scientific circles and which promises to revolutionize incandescent lighting throughout the world.

Announcement of the discovery was made a few days ago to a few intimate

friends, and almost instantly it spread broadcast. Yesterday the inventors, hardly realizing the flood of good fortune that had borne in upon them after their numberless days and nights of effort, had received scores of telegrams of congratulation, and along with them messages from capitalists willing to relieve them of the business end of their discovery.

Their invention consists merely of a new filament, or coil, to replace the carbon coil now in use in all incandescent bulbs. It gives a lamp two or three times the length of life of the present standard lamp and gives the same amount of light with a third of the power.

Scientific investigators have for years been striving to improve on the carbon filament, but all except the two

men, who have done their experimenting in the Phoenix physical laboratory at Columbia, have failed, and their discovery is so revolutionary that it has created almost as profound a sensation as did the discovery of the first incandescent.

Although comparatively unknown to the average newspaper reader, the inventors are widely known in their own circles. Prof. Parker, who is 33 years old, was graduated from the Columbia School of Mines in 1890, and since then he has been an instructor and professor of physics in the university. He has achieved some fame also as a mountain climber, having ascended more than a dozen Canadian peaks. He lives with his mother at No. 21 Ft. Greene place, Brooklyn.

Mr. Clark is a product of the far

west, where he is well known in engineering circles. He came east in 1903 to take charge of the chemical work of a big brass foundry and became associated with Prof. Parker. He is a member of the Columbia Faculty club and is 30 years old.

Both men, while successful in their special fields, are by no means well to do. Seen in their laboratory at Columbia yesterday afternoon, the inventors talked freely of their discovery. "It is no source of regret to us," said Prof. Parker, "that it is to be a great commercial success, although we can truthfully say that such a reward was not what inspired us to continue our efforts after repeated failures. We, like all other scientists, knew that there was a great opportunity for improvement in the present standard in-

candescent light, and we set out to discover a substance which could be substituted for carbon. Platinum was originally used, but it became tremendously expensive.

"Then carbon came into use and it has stayed. Another substance has been found, but it is impracticable owing to its costliness.

"For seven years between us we have been working on this subject, most of the time in this laboratory, which the university generously gave over to our use. It was just a year ago that one night, after almost numberless experiments, we found that we had in a tube the very substance which we were seeking. And yet as inventions go we had made the discovery by accident. We had the result, but we didn't know how we got it. We went home early in

the morning and spent a few waking hours trying to figure out how we had achieved our result.

"We worked and experimented and analyzed, and finally, not so long ago, the secret became ours; and, almost to our surprise, we found that the substances used were inexpensive and could be had in abundance. Quite recently we perfected our invention and announced it at a meeting of the American Physical Society.

"We use a carbon coil hardly thicker than human hair, and coat it with helium, named after Helios, the sun god. We have made several lights and the results have surprised us, as well as amazed other scientists to whom we have shown them. We are not interested at present in the commercial value of our discovery. We understand

that in scientific circles it is regarded as the most important step in incandescent lighting since the first lamp was invented and the distinction of having done that is sufficient for us, at least for the time being."

Speaking of the experiments, Mr. Clark said: "As you know, the present incandescent lights grow dim as they grow old. That is not true of the one we have invented. One lamp tested by us showed a gradual increase in candle power, which reached a maximum of two per cent."

Clearer understandings of the relative strength of the old and the new lights can be had from the statement that with the old light it takes 55 watts to produce 16 candle power, while with the Parker light 33 watts produce 40 candle power.